SAYING AND DOING.

Miss Herndon has departed from the usual

line of dramms of this style, inasmuch that

marvels of beauty.

gins in January next,

Sport and Profit in Luring the Finny Victims.

Fish Story Contest to Be Closed To-Morrow.

No Letters Received After Noon To-

herman, and one night at a social gathercaunted me with my ignorance of the orial art. It made me very uncomtable, especially as we were at the house ung lady for whose hard we were Finally Fred dared me to a fishing Finally Fred dared me to a fishing and I accepted. The one catching ish was to give the young lady a box les. We went to Sandy Hook in a And fished for bass, the young lady g as unpire. Fred caught many fish, y luck was wretched. Suddenly the chauged making the boom swing viopver, knocking our fair umpire overntly over, knocking our fair umpire overart? Before I knew it I was swimming
speciately for her, but Fred stayed on board,
in the coward at heart. I supported her and
rugizled fea fully against the current, reachit the sloop completely exhausted. Fred
in the let, but I won the umpire, and she
the sweetest little wife in the wide world,
e always celebrate the anniversary of that
y with a bass dinner and in vite Fred, but
rever comes.

Thasmonto. TRABMONTO.

Says This Story Is True. When I was a boy my father owned a farm

Madison County, N. Y. Near by, on ouglass Creek, was a sawmill. Below the am of this mill were often to be seen large ish, balked in their efforts to ascend the stream, and as they could be plainly seen ney were occasionally taken with a spear. tuey were occasionally taken with a spear, On one occasion I was there with my spear, but finding none I went down stream towards home. When as far as the mill I noticed a school of small fish darting about in a deep gool. Not being able to take aim at any particular one, I let drive, harpoon fashion, into the pool. Just as the spear left my hand I hoticed a commotion in the shadow of the will caused by a bug fish darting from his mill, caused by a huge fish darting from his blace of concesiment directly towards the coint to which my spear was descending, and he was struck and held. On recovering my spear I found him to be a pike weighing four and a half pounds. This is a true story.
C. G. T., Chinton Corners, N. Y.

Low Down on the Picnickers. Several years ago some of my friends took ne to Rockaway to catch fish, none of us nowing anything about that sport. We had ardly thrown our lines when we noticed a ot of nice fish being thrown ashore by the raing tide. We dropped our lines, waded in the water and picked up as many fish as we could carry. We had some fried in a hotel, and to pay \$2 and could not eat them, they emg so-called moss-bunkers. On the way some we tried to sell them, but found no tend to sell them, but found no tend to sell them. buyer, everybody's answer being: "Get out! ism's moss-bunkers." At last we came to a curic park, an to ffering them to the propure-or for a small sum, he took them right away. he was going to have a picnic next day and ould use good fish. We filled up with beer

in pay for the fish and got home in a good humor, talking about the good joke we had played on that park-owner. Two weeks later I went to a picnic in that park and the owner recognizing me, exclaimed, to my astonishment: "Dem fish was immense. My wife made fish chowder and dose picnickers wanted nothing but that fish chowder." A could have sold thousands of plates." A strange taste! A. R., Brooklyn.

Talk About Big Fish. Before the days of the big bridge over the Mississippi River all overland wagon trains made a stop at East St. Louis for stores, repairs, &c. While fishing from the east bank of the river one morning I had a pull. After an hour's hard work I landed my prize-an An hour's hard work I landed my prize—an enormous catfish, length over all 5 feet 9 inches, weight 163 pounds. "What are you going to do with it?" asked several of the wagon men. "Sell it to the highest bidder." I replied. Paris, one of the wagon men. "Insily got it for \$3. Paris cut the head off. hollowed it out, sewed up the mouth with bits of skin, boiled down the body for oil, of which he got five quarts, poured all the oil into the head and fastened it under his wagon for a grease pot. The skin he used for making new and repairing old harness, whip lashes, &c. I still h ve the letter he wrote me stating that he had grease enough to last him to Frisco.

What Fishermen's Battles Are Ferr

What Fishermen's Bottles Are For. When I was a boy and living in Scotland we used to catch minnows in bottles in this manner. (§Take a quart bottle, cork it tight and then knock the centre out of the cup shaped bottom which most bottles have, put a few crumbs of bread into the bottle and then put it into the stream. When a minnow once gets into it, it cannot get out. One day I was try ng to catch some minnows in this manner, and was having rather poor luck, when an idea struck me. I took the bottle and put it into a large six inch drain-pipe that was lying in the stream. I left the corked end of the bottle sticking out a little, then got some clay and filled in the drain-pipe all around the bottle, then got my brother to help me and we drove all the minnows we could find into the drain-pipe. When we took that bottle out it was packed with minnows as tight as a barrel can be packed with herrings. I sold that bottle of minnows to an un-uspecting farmer for five-pence, telling him that it was a new brand of sardines. H. F. MacCoursig, Brooklyn. shaped bottom which most bottles have, put

Skilful Angling Required. As I was going down to the Island the whiskers," and he said; "Tom, what a number of people are fishing in The World this Summer," "For what?" said I. "To catch a twenty dollar gold piece," said he. other day I met my friend "Gilhooly

The Augling Anunias. An angler sat by the Winter fire While only his wife was nigh; And he said to himself, Did this cunning old elf, "I'll tell em a whopping big lie-A brilliant and intricate lie."

He leaned his chin on his ancient hand, While gently he stroked his beard, Then he gathered his pen. His ink-bottle and theu— He slyly and knowingly leered— A leer that was foxy and weird,

He gazed aloft at the ceiling dark.
And then he looked down at the floor,
As he said 'Of a bout
After salmon and trout, ome lovely and lying old lore. He wrote and he wrote, a solid hour.
His wife all the while sitting by.
Very certain, however.
That her hubby, so clever.
Was working up some novel he—
Some wild and extravagant lie.

When sudden the old man rose up stark
With looks that were wizen and cold.
"What's the matter?" orded she:
"The devil!" said he,
"I'm certainly fast growing old—
"Every lie I can think of "s been told."

—The American Angler.

Prizes and Puzzles for the Youngsters in

rooms or at Penelope's home. If the re-

were asking all manner of questions concern-

Not the least important figure in the sensa-

aged to be near the scene of the mystery

exquisitely made Directoire dress, of her Suede

shoes, the silver handled La Tosca sunshade.

There was every indication of refinement

How came it, then, that a being of such

beauty and grace could have no one who

Penelope, accompanied by her aunt and

missed her: could have no one to search

The day of the inquest came.

to the exact bench was very impressive.

AMONG THE FUN MAKERS. STAGE NEWS AND GOSSIP.

A FEW MINUTES WITH THE HUMORISTS WHAT THE THEATRICAL PEOPLE ARE OF THE DAY.

Delicate Prevender.



American (who has ordered a dozen raw, in Liverpool restaurant)—Are those oysters? The Waiter—They is. American—Take 'em away and bring me a couple of your whales, will you? I'm kinder

The Sammer Girl.

[From the Boston Courier.] Beware! there is danger in her glance As she trips through the mazes of the dance II. She's the Summer girl in her dress of lawn, Fair as the goddess that rules the dawn.

III. The lily and rose on a single stem. Of maidens fair, she is the gem.

IV. She sighs, she smiles, she pouts—take care, Young man, of the Summer girl beware!

On Shipboard. (From the Burlington Free Press.)
Quigley—I wonder what's become of Brownie, this morning? It's 9 o'clock and he hasn't appeared yet. Something must be up.
Trumble—Yes, I guess likely it's his

"So Runs the World Away."

[From Judge,]
Mrs. de Hunter-How is dear little Flossinella?

Mrs. la'Pointer-Almost heart-broken ; the crepe bow at her throat is so unbecoming to her that her sensitive nature can scarcely en-dure it. But Rover, her half-brother, died last week, and she must wear it the two reeks, you know.

Experience Is a Wise Teacher.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Douglas Mactervish—Sandy, remember this, mon. Honesty is ave the best policy. Sandy—How do ye know, Douglas Macters of the second of th

terv sh?
Douglas Mactervish—I has tried baith.

[From Judge,]
Tot, a Chicago girl, en route to Europe with her mother, drives through Boston going to her hotel. Tot-Mamms, why in the world doesn't that stupid driver go through the streats in-stead of up the alleys?

A Good Position. [From Life,] John Digg (to classmate)-Well, Jack,

college days are over. What are you going to do for a living? Jack Fastsett—Been engaged by Ritch & Co. What for ?"

the SUNDAY WORLD'S Children's Page.

MIDSUMMER LOCAL POLITICS.

The late Maurice B. Flynn had his life insured for \$200,000. There is no doubt about it. His brother and his father-in-law are the authority for the statement. Besides this \$200,000 Mr Flynn's real and personal estate will yield about \$1,000,000, all of which is left to his widow. Rehearsals of Agues Herndon's New Play, Stocks, bonds and securities comprise about "La Belle Marie," to Begin on Monnine-tenths of the estate. day-Maurice Barrymore to Star in a

Chamberlain Croker has a cottage at Sav. New Play Next Season-W. H. Crane brook Conn. Commissioner Gilroy is one of Getting Rendy for Rehearsnis at Boston. the cottagers of Far Rockaway. Edward Kear-Rehearsals of "La Belle Marie," Agnes ney and John J. Scannell are doing the swell Herndon's new comedy drama which she is act at Saratoga. to produce at The Windsor Theatre Aug. 13, Tammany Hall wants to send Thomas F.

commence on Monday next. Mr. Ben Teal Grady back to the Senate, and the County privileges in the Macnnerchor Building in will superintend the preliminary rehearsals. Democracy is a unit for the retention of Col. Fifth street, near the Bowery, are reported M. C. Murphy in the upper house. Strange to say, both Grady and Murphy are in favor of a union on legislative candidates,

the heroine, who is wealthy, and on that ac-The pipe yard of the Department of Public count suffers many misfortunes, takes the Works, at the foot of East Twenty-fourth street, law into her own hands and condemns the is filling up with Tammanyites. The employees betrayer herself. What this sentence is, and how it is carried out, is to be told only in the play. Mauager Murtha is enthusiastic over have for years been County Democrats, ery of the Wigwamites of the Sixteenth District. namely, "One more rally and the pipe yard is the drama and predicts a great success. Miss Herndon's toilets will, as usual, be ours," was a success last November, and the boys who shouted are proving that the yell was not a hollow one. W. H. Craue's Summer vacation is rapidly

or the crane's Summer vacation is rapidly drawing to a close and a week or two will see him hard at work preparing for the coming season. All of his rehears ng will be done in Boston, but during the coming week he will par a flying tr.p to New York on his steam yacht Stella to make such final preparations as are necessary. He will not be in this city again until his engagement here become in January next. Will the County Democracy and the Republicans unite on a county ticket against Tammany Hall? This is a question that is now often saked. The county Democracy leaders appear to be determined to overthrow Tammany Hall. and many politicians think that the coalition will take place. Several of the most prominent Republican bosses say that their party loses votes every time it forms a combination with either faction of the Democracy. They will Mr. Frank M. Kendrick, the comedian, has been engaged by the Missos Deavos to create the principal comedy part in their musical comedy, "Chaos Flat," next season. oppose the coalition if it should be considered this Fall.

To say that the County Democracy leaders are So successful has Messrs. Darnley & Fenn's farcical comedy, "The Balloon," been at the Strand Theatre. London, that no less than six separate organizations are playing it throughout the Luglish provinces. This is the piece of which the American rights have been purchased by William H. Crane, and which he will produce early in the coming season. It is described as being intensely laughable. not friendly to Gov. Hill is drawing the enmity very mildly. They have always been opposed to him and the chasm that is between them is wider now than ever. The County Democracy leaders would laugh and laugh if the Republicans should have a two-thirds majority in both houses of the next Legislature. They would watch with ghoulish glee the enactment of laws that would tend to Republicanize this city. The When Maurice Barrymore finishes his engagement with Manager A. M. Palmer next Spring he is likely to go starring in a play called "I ord Dunmersly," which is to be a dramatization of a novel about to be published by John Delay, under the same title. The story is the work of the editor of the Dramatic News, and Mr. Barrymore, who read the manuscript a few weeks ago, was so much struck with the force of the late that he immediately made a provisional arrangement for a play to be constructed from its materials for his own use. The principal character is a bogus English lord, something like Capt. Swift in many of his characteristics, but much more plucky and manly, according to Mr. Barrymore. Tammany Hall legislators combined with the Republicans last Winter and got some patronage legislation, and it is asserted that the Republicans were disappointed at the treatment they afterwards received at the hands of the Governor and Temmany Hall. It is not therefore inlikely that next year's deal at Albany will be between the County Democracy and the Republicans, and that Tammany Hall will nave to dance, especially if a two-thirds combination can be carried out.

All Readers of Wilkie Collins's Thrilling Stories Will Read " Blind Love," His Latest Romance, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

> A Satisfactory Balance. [Lurana W. Sheldon, in Judge.]

A bacholor of forty he.
A man of culture, pride and wealth;
A maid of twenty summers she.
With sparkling eyes and glowing health. lie woosd, but not as others have, With loving words more sweet than true. He laid his bank-book in her hand, And merely turned to "Balance due."

She raised her eyes; his cause was won— A maid of sterling rense was she. He classed her to his manly breast, And now a married man is he.

He Would Go, Too.

[From the Deutsche Wespen,] Civil Service Clerk (to head of department)-Sir, will you kindly grantime leave of absence for this afternoon? My uncle is remarked the Judge.
"Why: "asked the Major.
"Why: he should have waited until after
the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, and appointed the being turied.

Head Clerk—With pleasure, my good friend. But pray, wait for me; we can go together, as I also am off to the Charlotten

LOST MONEY SELLING BEER

THE MAENNERCHOR MOURNING FOR STEW-ARD ANTON SOMMER.

Annual Sales of Four flundred Barrels of Beer and Forty Thousand Cigars Netted Him, as Me Says, a Loss Denial of His Rumored Flight - Sommer's Linbilities Figured at \$20,000.

Members of the Besthoven Mænnerchor and other creditors of Anton Sommer, the recent lessee of the bar, restaurant and other to be in a state of great agitation over his disappearance.

It was said that he had not been seen since last Friday, when the Executive Board of the Society dispossessed- him for nonpayment of rent, and that it had been discovered that he was in debt \$28,000 for cash borrowed and for various supplies of beer, wine, crars, groceries and other stock in trade, besides the wages of bis employees.

Apparently, however, he is not in hiding, for he vis-ted highly haunts yesterday after-

for he visited his old haunts yesterday after-noon with a friend, and went up to the bar, which is now being run under the charge of the Committee, to treat him.

The privilege was refused him, however, and he was ordered out of the place by the indignant barkeeper, who was one of his former employees, who claims to have been left in the jurch to the event of \$72 in wasses. left in the lurch to the extent of \$72 in wages A detailed statement of Mr. Sommer's liabilities shows that he owes President G. N. Ohmeis \$3,500: Conrad Stein, the brewer, \$4,00: Fraser Brothers, wing merchants, \$300: the Macanerchor Society, for rent, \$2,000; the Milwankee Brewing Company \$200: besides milkinen, grocers and other members of the Society, in comparatively small sums of the Society in comparatively small sums. of the Society, in comparatively small sums, the whole amounting to some \$20,000.

Sommer took harge of the bar in May, 1888, and his lease was terminated lavtFriday because the Society hal got tired of dunning him for rent. He was formerly head waiter at Hotty's restaurant at Duane street and Broadway, and got blenty of backing as steward of the Maennerchor.

For two or three days after his dispossession he was not to be found and it was thought that he had fled, because when the Sheriff went to levy on his household goods it was found that he had moved everything out of his house at 214 Fifth street and taken his family away. of the Society, in comparatively small sums.

out of his house at 214 Fifth street and taken his family away.

The Board of Directors held a meeting last night, when it was decided to try and get Sommer's license revoked. President J. M. Ohmel is disposed to be lenient with sommer if he will settle up with his creditors within a reasonable time. The Society has picked out its new steward.

Sommer soid 400 barrels of beer and 40,000 cigars annually and said he lost on beer.

Wilkie Collins's Last and Best Story, "Blind Love." Now Opening in the SUN-DAY WORLD.

> A Pausing Event. Prom America, 1

Longjaw (meeting an acquaintance on the street)-Well, what's going on? Acquaintance (blandly)-1 am, if you let go that hand.

No End of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Humorous Page.

Trom the Washington Critic. !

Henry-I understand you met your girl's father at the house last night. Thomas-Well, no, not exactly; but he

was there while I was. Henry-Did he show you the door? Thomas (.onfidently)-Oh, no: I found it myself.

No End of Fun in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Humorous Page.

FROM MONTANA. HELENA, M. T., Jan. 26, 1888

FLEMING BROS GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of Du. Ch. McLane's Crimmater Liver Prize and find them to be a wonderful pill—all that you claim for them. They sot like a charm in case of billousness, sick headachs, MRS. HENRY WINKLEMAN

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, yspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on iace and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dn. C. McLane's Celennated Liven Pills, prepared only by Fieming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents Sold ly all druggiers. Insist upon baving the genuine Dn. C. McLany's Liven Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros. or Pittaburg. Pa. the market being full of imitations of the name McLang, spelled differently, but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words. "Fleming Bros., Pittaburg. Pa.," on the



In 1885 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type, and was treated with mercury, potach and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which oured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned.

Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little nicce had white swelling By little nicce had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bono came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S.S.S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. Miss America Erseling. Fob. 11, '80. Columbus, Ga. Book on Diood Diseases sent free. Swift Species Co.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE BRIGANDS.

BROADWAY THEATRE Broadway, cor 4745
FRANCIS WILSON THE OOLAH
AND COMPANY.

PALMER'S THEATRE. Broadway and 30th st.
CLOVER: MCCAULL OPERA
MATINEES BATURDAY MADISON SQUARE THEATRE Evenings at 8.30.

BURGLAR SATURDAY.

K OSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.
MAUNCES Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,
MONTE CRISTO, JR.
THE GALETY DANCERS, THE AUSTIN, SISTERA

MANHATTAN BEACH. PAIN'S POMPEIL.
The grandest spectage over produced, 500 neeple COLOMBAL FIREWORKS DISPLAY.
Every evening except Sundays and Mondays. DOCKSTADER'S THEATRE Last week but one.
Evenings N. 30. Saturday mathee at 2.
BURLESQUE—SULRAIN AND KILLIVAN FIGHT.

THESS'S SEW MUSIC HALL AND ALHAM-THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION. 19TH ST. VISIT TO-DAY EDISON'S GETTYSEURG PHONOGRAPH

EDEN MUSEE -CONCERTS-TERRACE GARDEN, 58th st., near 3d ave. Tenight, Beggar Student; Sat., La Belle Helene with Georgins von Januschowsky; Sun ., Sacred Concert. TRAINS (12) H) FAST RECEPTION, CHICKER-ing ... 11 (8) ... Garland's Sun leeberg. "Nos-ton's Servant Girls! Dies De Bar Spooks!

Prives and Puzzles for the Youngsters in the SUNDAY WORLD'S Children's Page.

THE MYSTERY OF CENTRAL PARK.

BY

NELLIE BLY.

Author of " Ten Days in a Mad-House" and " Six Months in Mexico.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

Richard Treadwell is in love with Penclope Howard, a plain-looking, but wealthy girl. She kee Dick, but refuses to marry him as he is rather a purposeless fullow, having no profession or multion, and living on a small competence. They are conversing in Central Park near a bench which a young lady is sitting, apparently sleeping. They think she is ill and try to awaken her, ut ind she is ideed.

CHAPTER IL.

WHEREIN THE MYSTERY DEEPENS AND PENELOPE SETS A HARD TASK FOR DICK. called to see Penelope at all hours whenever

be told again.

Richard Treadwell was not mistaken. The golden-haired girl was dead. The fair young form was taken to the orgue, and for some days the newspapers

entral Park, and everybody was discussing te strange case. And what could have been more mysteri-

ere filled with accounts of the mystery of

A young and exquisitely beautiful girl, lad in the most expensive garments, found ead on a bench in Central Park by two oung people who belonged to the most ex- Penelope and Richard bending over the dead matre circles.

And to add to the mystery of the case there 48 not a spot on the body or the faintest | marked his previous record were the finding ue as to the cause of the girl's death. The newspapers all had their own theories. stray dog, which he imagined was mad, and ome were firm in their belief of foul play. | wildly firing at it-very wide of the mark, it

out they could not even hint at the cause of is true—until the poor frightened little thing eath, and how such a lovely creature could disappeared in some remote corner. ave been murdered, if murder it was, in This officer became the envy of the Park entral Park and the assassin or assassins policemen. Daily his name appeared in conscape unseen, were riddles they could not nection with the case as "the brave officer of the 'Mystery of Central Park.'" Daily he was pointed out by the people, who thronged

Other journals booted at the idea of foul They claimed the girl had, while to the spot where the girl was found, curious alking in Central Perk, sat down on the to see the bench and to carry away with each, and died either of heart disease or of them some little memento. He always mauson administered by her own hand. The rolice authorities maintained an air of during the busy hours of the Park, and the

spenetrable secrecy, but promised that dignity with which he answered questions as sithin a few days they would furnish some artling developments. The did not commit emselves, however, as to their ideas of with such a sensational case was not to be ow the giri met her death. In this they wondered at, ere wise, for the silent man is always ses who talks, and so the public waited impers published the most minute descriptions stently from day to day, coufid it the of the dead girl's dainty silk underwear, of her look. ohee would soon clear the mystery s sy. Hundreds of people visited the Lorgue,

rious to look upon the dead girl, and more particularly did they dwell on de-Many went there in search of missing scriptions of her dainty feet and tiny hands, sends, hoping and yet dreading that in the of her perfect features and masses of beautiraterious dead girl they would find the one ful vellow hair. whom they searched. cople from afar telegraphed for the boly and luxury about her.

be held until their arrival, but they came went and the beautiful dead girl was unidentified. thelope Howard and Richard Treadwell frantically the wide world for her?

temade to figure prominently in all the the about the beautiful mystery, much to discomfort. The untiring reporters

It was a most unusual thing. Did she not think that it had been sug- manner, gave his testimony.

culprit. Poor Richard came next.

and while no one said in so many words | "the girl is dead," if he did not know her?

ope in a very steady voice told how they rehash of deaths which had been thought very red, then paled, and then he called the dead?" asked Penelope, counting the fifty kind aunt, made arrangements to bury the found the body, and she was questioned and imysterious that were proven to be the result officer a fool. cross-questioned as to the reason why she of heart disease or poison, and she quietly should have become so interested in the hoped that the doctors who held the post- termined to know more about two young sight of apparently a sleeping girl as to ac. mortem examination would set at rest all the people, who, while able to drive, were doing all 'cept those found in the river, to the burial ground to see the body interred.

Joseph H. M. Reed, the manager of the

Joseph H. M. Reed, the manager of the Agnes Herndon Company, is in receipt of a communication from a small lowa town, in which the writer asks "if the company carried a brass band and if they could 'show in a tent? If so, a circuit could be arranged." At last accounts Mr. Reed had not accepted what might prove a lucrative curascent.

Fourth Instalment of "Blind Love,"

Wilkie Colling's Thrilling Romance, in the

SUNDAY WORLD, with Complete Synop-

1 From the Pittsburg Chronicle, 1

"I think Secretary Rusk was a little too

soon in making his recent appointments,"

sis of Preceding Chapters.

engagement.

doubts in the case.

ease that it was hinted afterwards that she is dead." He had then looked at the body stood by very gravely up to this time, had had studied the story in order to protect the but did not touch it. The young people the boldness and impudence to laugh. denied any knowledge of the girl's identity.



A very knowing newspaper had that same stances where murderers could not remain everything you say." away from their victums, and always returned | And then the officer paused to take breath aunt. to the spot, in many cases are ending to be and at the same time to give proper weight to

murder of the beautiful young girl. swell with indignation at the tones of his examiner.

Penelope was more indignant, if anything, than Dick, but she had read in a newspaper Richard, were forced to be present. Penel. that repudiated the theory of murder a long

PENELOPE, WITH CALM BUT SERIOUS FACE, KEPT CLOSE TO THE MODGUE-RESPER. Rarely had New York been so stirred to its that they suspected him of knowing more; The young man repeated that he had never and accusations in every question and every gave him a quick, trightened glancs; so the

officer said sternly :

decide at the inquest whose hand was in the see how Dick Treadwell was bearing it. They iron supports. were getting if ore interested now and nearly time the inquest was adjourned.

The officer cleared his throat and in a deep. gruff voice continued his story. At his warning the young man had flushed a

Still the conscientious limb of the law de. other. such unusual and extraordinary things as and the river fornishes more bodies The park policeman, in a granditoquent walking early in the Park and happening than the whole city do. We photo- case. upon the body of a young girl; so he asked graph every body and we pack their clothes Added to her interest in the dead girl, the gested by the young man who accompanied He told how he found the young couple the young man why, if he did not know the away, with a description of 'em, and keep evident suspicions entertained against her? Penelope's cheeks burned and she bending over the dead girl, who was half girl, he did not say "a girl is dead here," them six mouths. The photographs we al. Richard had worked her up to an unusual became very indignant at their efforts to con- lying on a bench. When he asked what was instead of "the girl is dead," whereupon the ways keep so that years after people may find state of excitement. While she never doubted nect Richard more closely with the case, and wrong the young man, who seemed very ex- young man told the officer again that he was their lost here. she related all that had transpired after they cited and frightened—and he laid great a fool, adding several words to make it more mass? spoke of the girl with such minuteness and stress on those words—replied that "the girl emphatic, and at this the young girl, who

> Richard Treadwell was called again, and previous evening, which was proven by Penelope and her aunt. He was questioned why he used the definite article instead of the indefinite in answering the officer's question.

He could offer no explanation. That a man should say "the girl" instead of "a girl," and that he should be excited over finding the body of a girl unknown to him, were things that looked very sus- holding another lid while Penelope gazed picious to the law and they had no hesitancy in showing the fact.

portant were called, sud then came the men who had made the post-mortem examination. | Sixth avenue, an' he had nothin' on him to Nothing was discovered to indicate murder | identify him. And this ere woman who lies or suicide, nor, indeed, was there any defi- next the Park mystery girl, though she do nite conclusion as to the cause of death, The Corner's jury brought in an indefinite they nearly all smile, miss, when they've verdict, showing that they knew no more handed in their counts she were a devil.

sion the public was forced to rest content.

at any rate. Penelope persuaded her aunt and Richard | come an' they called her she didn't show up; to accompany her through the Morgue. She an' when they dragged her out, thinkin' she was de ply hurt at the way in which Dick was still full, they found she'd got a death had been treated. Still she wanted to look sentence and gone on a last trip to the island on the face of the fair young girl, the cause | where they never come back." of all the worriment, before she was taken to

the low room. She tiptoed daintily over the stone floor-

her grave.

which, wet all over, had little streams formed other hand held a perfumed handkerchief box and the waiting woman went out-"Be careful, young man, remember you over her aristocratic nose. Penelope, with keeper and Richard walked silently with the in her voice.

the discoverer of the murder. The story his words. Everybody took the opportunity said Penelope, glancing at the row of plain, black and white alike. That nigger woman, finished by demanding that the authorities to remove their gaze from the officer and to unpainted rough boxes set close together on who wouldn't tell on the man who gave her "They did in the old Morgue, but ever

Dick, remembering all this, felt his heart every one felt that the elegant young man since we've been in this building we not them to night. The boiles not sold are all sent up would be in the clutches of the law by the in the boxes. They keep better this way, explained the keeper, delighted to show the sights of the Morgue to persons of social prominence.

"Do you know the history of all these ter's Field. Fenelope, encouraged by her

and odd coffins which came one after the

"We know somethin' about

"You see" lifting a lid, "we burn a cross the recalled rumors of affairs with actresses, on the coffins of the Catholics and the Prot. of more or less renown, which the newspapers estants get no mark. The boxes with the darkly binted at, almost set her wild, Could chalk mark on are the ones that's to be buried | it be possible that he had known the girl, or and then his suspicious being aroused he had to repeat the reason of his early walk in to-morrow. This man here, miss," holding ever seen her before they found her dead? His story did not differ from Penelope's, asked the young man why he had replied the Park and had to tell where he spent the the lid up, "was a street-car driver; want to see him, mam?"

Penelope's aunt shook her head nega-

"He struck and could not get work after wards so as he and his family was starvin', he made them one less by committing suicide. "Hard? Not a bit, miss; death's a great boon to poor people. This 'ere fellow,' with dry, burning eyes down on a weatherbeaten face, which, seared with a million A few persons whose testimony was unimpremature wrinkles, wore a smile of rest, 'he was a tramp, they 'spose. Fell dead on smile like she got somethin' she wanted-an' about the circumstances or cause of the gird's She's done time on the island and they've death than they did at the beginning of the had her in Blackwell's Insane Asylum, but inquest. With this unsatisfactory conclu- 'twan't no good; seen as she got out she was at her old tricks. Drink, drink, if she had to They did know that the girl had not been steal it, an' fight an' swear! They picked shot or stabbed, which was some satisfaction. her up on a sidewalk the last time and hauled her to the station house, but when mornin'

"Ah! she do look desolate," wailed a little fat woman in shabby black, who had come in "How dreadful!" exclaimed Penelope's with one of the men and now stood peering if I could only crush the herrible idea that he aunt, as the keeper unbolted the door and into a labelled box. "She hasn't a fri'nd m | knows more than he told!" waited, before he closed it, for them to enter all the world. She was eighty years old, and paralyzed from her knees down. Poor thing, prayer over the dead, and Penelope dropped they took her to the Almshouse not quite a mouth ago, and she looks like she'd had a edited with knowing double what the man depths over a mysterious death. The newspa. than he divulged, yet he felt their suspicions seen the dead girl before, and his companion in places flowing from different hose—ho-d- bard time, sure enough. Poor Mrs. Lang. ing her skirts up with one hand and with the she do look desolate," and the man closed the

"What becomes of the bodies of these poor morning published a long story, relating in- are talking to the law; I'll have to report serious but calm face, kept close to the unfortunates?" asked Penelope, with a catch

> 'Most of 'em we give to the medical col-"I thought the ladies lay on marble slabs," leges as subjects. Yes, men and women, a death stab, lying to the other side of the Park mystery girl, will be taken to a college to Hart's Island, where they're buried in a g trench."

The beautiful mystery of Central Park was not sent to a medical college nor to the Pot-

girl in a quiet graveyard on the outskirts of Brooklyn. Penelope, her aunt, with three charitable old lady friends, and Richard, drove Penelope was greatly wrought up over the

Richard's innocence in the affair, still nelv thoughts concerning his careless nature, and

She recalled his excitement when he leaned down and for the first time saw the face of the girl as she sat on the bench. The officers



THEN, SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THAT GIRL'S DEATH AND I WILL DE YOUR WIFE. had laid great stress on Dick's excitement, and Penelope, as she looked back, seemed to

see more in it than she saw at first. And I love him, I love him," she cried to herself during the long ride to the cemetery, and with this horrible suspicion hanging over him I could never marry him ; I could never be happy. If we only knew something about it: if only people did not hint things;

An unknown but Christian minister said a some tears as well as flowers on the anknown's newly filled grave. " It is ended," said Dick with a relieved

sigh, as he lead Penelope back to her carriage. Now let us torget all the misery of these last few days and be happy." "It is not ended," exclaimed Penelope, spiritedly. "It has only begun. I can

never be happy until I know the secret of that girl's death." 'That is impossible, Penelope," replied Dick. "That mystery can never be solved." " Dick, you have sworn you love me: you

have swern that you would do anything I asked if I would marry you. Will you swear that again?" cried Penelope, breathlessly.
"Upon my life, I swear," responded Dick; warmly.
"Then, solve the mystery of that girl's death and I will be your wife."

[To be continued to-morrow.]